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MEMOIRS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE COPPER BEECHES

"I took it up and examined it. It was of the same peculiar tint, and the same thickness. But then the impossibility of the thing struck me. How could my hair have been locked in the drawer? With unerring hands I turned my trunk, turned out the contents, and drew from the bottom my own hair. I laid the two tresses together, and I assure you that they were identical. Was it not extraordinary? Pardon me, I would make nothing at all of what is the matter to the Russians, as I felt that I had put myself in the wrong by opening a drawer which they had locked.

"But his voice was just a little too coarse. He overdid it. I was keenly on my guard against him. 'I was foolish enough to go into the empty wing'—I answered. 'But it is so lonely and eerie in this dim light that I was frightened and ran out again. Oh, it is dreadful still in there!' 'Only that,' said he, looking at me keenly. 'I am sure that I do not know.' 'Why, what did you think?' I asked. 'Why do you think that I look like this?' 'I am sure that I do not know.' 'It is to keep out people who have no business in there. Do you see?' He was still smiling in the most amiable manner. 'I am sure if I had known—' 'Well, then, you know now. And if you ever put your foot over that threshold again—here in an instant the smile hardened into a grin of rage and he glared down at me with the face of a demon. 'I'll throw you to the sea!' 'I was so terrified that I do not know what I did. I suppose that I must have rushed past him into my room. I remember nothing until I found myself lying on my bed trembling all over. Then I thought of you, Mr. Holmes, I could not live there longer without some advice. I was frightened of the house of the man, of the woman, of the servants, even of the child. They were all horrible to me. If I could only bring you down all would be well. Of course, I might have fled from the house, but my curiosity was almost as strong as my fear. My mind was soon made up. I would send you a wire. I put on my hat and cloak, went down to the office, which is about half a mile from the house, and then returned, feeling very much easier. A horrible doubt came into my mind as I approached the door lest the dog might be loose, but I remembered that Toller had drunk himself into a state of insensibility that evening, and I knew that he was the only one in the household who had any influence with the savage creature, or who would venture to set him free. I slipped in safely, and lay awake half the night in my joy at the thought of seeing you. I had no difficulty in getting leave to come into Winchester this morning, but I must be back before 3 o'clock, for Mr. and Mrs. Rucastle are going out a visit and will be away all evening, so that I must look after the child. Now I have told you all my adventures. Mr. Holmes, and I should be very glad if you could tell me what it all means, and above all, what I should do.' 'Holmes said he had listened spellbound to this extraordinary story. My friend rose now and paced up and down the room, his hands in his pockets and an expression of the most profound gravity upon his face. 'The Toller will drink' he asked. 'Yes, I heard his wife tell Mrs. Rucastle that she could do nothing with him.' 'That is well. And the Rucastles go out tonight?' 'Yes.' 'And there is a cellar with a good strong lock?' 'Yes, the wine-cellar.'

"You seem to have asked all through this matter like a brave and sensible girl, Miss Hunter. Do you think that you could perform one more feat of heroism and not sit at home if I did not think you a quite exceptional woman." 'I will try. What is it?' 'My wife shall be at the Copper Beeches by 7 o'clock, my friend and I. The Rucastles will be gone by that time, and Toller will be hopelessly inebriated. Only remain Mrs. Toller, who might give the alarm. If you could send her into the cellar on some errand, and then turn the key upon her, you would facilitate matters immensely.' 'I will do it.' 'Excellent! We shall then look thoroughly into the affair. Of course, there is only one feasible explanation. You have been brought there to personate some one, and the real person is imprisoned in this chamber. That is obvious. As to who this prisoner is, I have no doubt that it is the daughter, Miss Alice Rucastle, if I remember right, who was said to have gone to America. You were chosen, doubtless, as resembling her in height, figure and the color of your hair. Her hair had been cut off, very possibly in some illness through which she had passed, and so, of course, yours had to be sacrificed also. By a curious chance you came upon her traces. The man in the road was undoubtedly some friend of hers—possibly her fiancé—and no doubt, as you wore the girl's dress and was so like her, he was convinced from your laughter, whenever he saw you, and afterwards from your gesture, that Miss Rucastle was perfectly happy and that she no longer desired his attentions. The dog is let loose at night to prevent him from endeavoring to communicate with her. So much is fairly clear. The most serious point in the case is the disposition of the child.

as a seaside public-house. The group of trees, with their dark leaves shining like burnished metal in the light of the setting sun, were so familiar to me that I knew even had Miss Hunter not been standing smiling on the doorstep. 'Have you managed it?' asked Holmes. 'Yes, indeed. Her husband lies where downstairs. This is Mrs. Toller in the cellar,' said she. 'Her husband lies on the broken rug. Here are the keys, which are the duplicates of Mr. Rucastle's.' 'You have done well, indeed!' cried Holmes, with enthusiasm. 'Now lead the way, and we shall soon see the end of this black business.'

We passed up the stairs, unlocked the door, followed on down a passage, and found ourselves in front of the barricade which Miss Hunter had described. Holmes cut the cord and removed the transverse bar. Then he tried the various keys in the lock, but without success. No sound came from within, and at the silence of the key he closed over.

A VOLCANO IN ERUPTION

TUTULLIA, Samoa, Aug. 29 — Via San Francisco, Sept. 13 — Reports from the scene of the volcanic outbreak on the island of Savaii, in German Samoa, say that it is not so large as at first reported. Dense volumes of smoke and ash are being thrown up at intervals, and the ravines and dry water courses are being filled. The greatest activity is at the bottom of a large gully. Showers of heated dust are descending for several miles around the place. This dust when cooled forms into a black pumice. At one place there is a large mound of this substance about 300 feet high. The natives who reside along the coast are panic-stricken. The instruments indicate that there need be no further apprehension as to any further outbreaks.

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